

The Tragedie of Hamlet

And spur my dull reuenge. What is a man
If his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to sleepe and feede, a beast, no more:
Sure he that made vs with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gaue vs not
That capabilitie and god-like reason
To fust in vs vnyd, now whether it be
Bestiall obliuion, or some crauen scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th'euent,
A thought which quarterd hath but one part wisdom,
And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
Why yet I liue to say this thing's to doe,
Sith I haue cause, and will, and strength, and meanes
To doo't; examples grosse as earth exhort me,
Witnes this Army of such masse and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whose spirit with diuine ambition pufft,
Makes mouthes at the invisible euent,
Exposing what is mortall, and vn Timer,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Euen for an Egge-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to stirre without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
When honour's at the stake, how stand I then
That haue a father kild, a mother stained,
Excytements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasie and trick of fame
Goe to their graues like beds, fight for a ploe
Whereon the numb'ers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tombe enough and continent
To hide the slaine, o from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not speake with her.

Gent. Shee is importunat,

Indeepe distract, her moode will needes be pittied.

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Prince of Denmark

Quee. What would she haue?
Gent. She speakes much of her father
There's tricks i'th world, and hems,
Spurnes enuiously at strawes, speakes
That carry but halfe sence, her speech
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue
The hearers to collection, they yawne
And botch the words vp fit to theyr
Which as her wincks, and nods, and
Indeepe would make one thinke the
Though nothing sure, yet much vn
Hor. Twere good she were spok
Dangerous coniectures in ill breeding
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia

Quee. 'To my sicke soule, as line
'Each toy seemes prologue to some
'So full of artlesse ieaousie is guilt,
'It spills it selfe, in fearing to be spyl

Oph. Where is the beautilous Ma

Quee. How now Ophelia?

Oph. How should I your true loue
By his cockle hat and staffe, and his

Quee. Alas sweet Lady, what im

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke
He is dead & gone Lady, he is dead
At his head a grasgreene turph, at h
O ho.

Quee. Nay but Ophelia.

Oph. Pray you marke. White h

Enter King

Quee. Alas looke heere my Lor

Oph. Larded all with sweet flow
Which beweept to the ground did
With true loue showers.

King. How doe you pretty Lad

Oph. Well good dild you, they
ter, Lord we know what we are, b
God be at your table.

Quee.